

## For The Girl Who Lost her Voice

Stripped down  
bare to her beautiful soul  
her body bleeds  
to death so unknown.  
And with each voiceless scream  
she is reminded that she is no Victim.  
Questions and no answers.  
For the life of her  
she can't remember any  
permissible pleasure.  
She knows that a dark force entered her,  
he was uninvited,  
cruel and unusually kind.  
His eyes, she imagined, was dark  
like the universe,  
and if blood was blue  
I believe she felt it,  
her memory was distant.  
Just as the endless sea  
she looks in the mirror.  
She shouts: 'I don't remember me!'  
She walks in shame bending her head,  
she is afraid  
that someone would see the untold secret.  
Only a man of his nature would see.  
'And is he even ashamed?' she wondered.  
Does he even remember how he pursued it?  
The way he knocked on a closed door.  
The way he entered.  
This pain inside of her.  
Does he remember leading her to such a place?  
This place that left her defaced.  
Deflowered.  
Disempowered.  
Does he remember?

- Tatum-lee Louw